

## THE THEATERS

For the week beginning to-night the French Opera Company at Music Hall offers an attractive repertoire. The company closes its local engagement on Friday night and early next Saturday morning leaves for New York for a three weeks' engagement at the Casino.

To-night the opera is "Cendrillon," the fairy spectacle which was put on so beautifully last Thursday evening. M. Charlier, the impresario, is so well convinced that "Cendrillon" is destined to become a noteworthy addition to the stock of opera at American disposal that he is giving it with greater frequency than any other in his extensive collection. Thus, for the St. Louis engagement now drawing to a close, he will present "Cendrillon" at four successive matinees this week, at popular prices; namely, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons, thus affording young people of all ages ample opportunity to witness the embodiment of the French idea of Cinderella. The fairy story as old as mankind and as young as the dawn of time.

On Monday evening, in deference to M. Gauthier's fine success of last Sunday's opening of the season, the French tenor is to be heard once more as Eleazar in "La Juive." M. Mikaeli and Mme. Guichard are also in the cast. On Tuesday night the bill is "Aida."

On Wednesday night "Il Trovatore," with Gauthier as Manrico. It is Gauthier's testimonial performance and should pack the house.

On Thursday night "William Tell," seldom heard of late, but grand work throughout, the overture being a classic. It will be sung and acted as only the New Orleans contingent of actors and singers can act and sing it.

On Friday night there will be a composite offering, one act each from four of the operas that have proved most acceptable in the present season. The detailed programme is to be announced later.

One of the most interesting pieces of stage news concerns the latest endeavor of Henry W. Savage—he is to present "Paradise" in English. Already there is a cry of "desecration," that the opera should not be done in any language but German. As well say that the Bible belongs to a single tongue! But one thing is sure: Mr. Savage will, if he lives, carry out his plan. He will produce the opera magnificently, he will have the chief parts well sung by English-speaking men and women, and he will make another lot of money.

Mr. Savage is the wonder of the present-day stage. A man whose earlier training ran to the study of the law, who later became a lawyer in town lots in far Boston, he has gone into the theater and set a new standard. He has made fresh rules and most of them are well followed by men who were in the business of the theater when Mr. Savage did not own a dollar's worth of stage material. His success has been the result of several things: First of all, the stage material. He has employed the best stage managers and managers of stage material. He has employed the best stage managers and managers of stage material. He has employed the best stage managers and managers of stage material.

J. H. Stoddart, who is now starring in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," is 75 years of age, and during his career, which extends over a period of sixty-five years, he has missed only two performances in which he was to appear. Born in Scotland, he began his professional career in Glasgow, where his father and mother were performing. He assisted them, receiving from his father a salary of a performance, according as he was sent for a "thinking" or a speaking part.

When a little more than 20 years of age, he came to this country and joined the company of the elder Wallace. This was in the old stock days, when, as Mr. Stoddart is quoted as saying, "The actor and the manager felt that their interests were one. When a new play was taken under consideration," he says, "our parts were not sent to the manager, but the manager used to invite us to his house, where there was something to eat, a little to drink, and the play was read and the parts distributed, as family, as it were."

It was in the company of the elder Wallace that he made his big hit as Moneybags in "The Long Street," which, a few months before the production of "The Sporting Duchess," Mr. Stoddart, assisted by Mary Hampton, Richard Mansfield and those assisting him in historical researches for "Ivan the Terrible" tell an interesting yarn of the difficulties which beset the path of students of Russian topics, no matter how diligently men search.

Russia has a great and voluminous literature, but it is almost a sealed book to our people. Few of the works are translated, and as the characters used are different there is no royal road into the text. But with so important a work as Alexis Tolstoy's "Ivan the Terrible" it was necessary to get at the kernel of the matter.

So, in Washington, at the National Library, translators were secured to ferret out data. The translators, young Russian students, would hunt up the desired information, report its discovery, give a synopsis, read and then receive an order for so much. "Give me 1,000 words of that," for instance, or, "take 2,500 words of the second act, or that."

There are young men, unofficially attached to the great libraries, who make a business of translating. All the Slav, Southeastern European, and Oriental languages are represented. They ask for every 1,000 words.

The beard is no unimportant affair in Russia, and the question of a beard or not is one of the subjects of much consideration on Mr. Mansfield's part. The beard is usually taken from the chin of the Emperor. At present, a beard is not a matter of fashion, but history. Antakovsky's statue of Ivan shows him with a light, straggly beard. But the sculptor has left no indication of what year of the Czar's life he is representing. In Elias Rehn's canvas, "Tzar Ivan and His Dying Son," Ivan has a beard. It would seem that the beard is the property of the authority upon whom Mr. Mansfield relies most is Count Alexis Tolstoy.

He wrote the play, and he is also the author of a historical novel, "Prince Berekhryad," dealing with the life of Ivan the Terrible. In this work he says, describing Ivan in the last year of his life: "Drooping his head, his beard had fallen out altogether."

Here, then, it is assumed, is direct and final authority for the unbarbed face should Mr. Mansfield choose so to represent the Czar.

Presumably, the actor would prefer no beard. It is a clumsy make-up device, hinders the free expression of the features, and in this instance would scarcely be correct.

And so Mansfield's slogan is to be "Off with his beard," even as Ivan's was "Off with his head."

After her experiences abroad, during which she has occupied public attention as a star actress, a reader of political verse, a church relationist, and a parlor entertainer, no one can even attempt to deny the striking veracity of Cora Urquhart Potter.

And the actress herself is not the last

MAXINE ELLIOTT  
OLYMPIC.

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Sweet Cordelia Malone is her name;  
And young sailors saunter nightly 'round  
Since her sister Bedelia won fame.

For she seems to rejoice at the sound of my voice,  
When I sing through the Bell telephone.  
Hello, hello, sweet Cordelia,  
Put on your Sunday dress for a lark,  
And I'll automobile all over the park.  
Bring your sister Bedelia,  
I'll dine ye and wine ye and ale ye,  
For every trouble, come ye, love, and bubble.

Cordelia, Cordelia Malone—Hello, love,  
As the car speeds along, I keep singing a song  
Of the charms of my beautiful queen.  
The machine it was blue, but between me and you,  
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The machine it was blue, but between me and you,  
Just to please her I painted it green.

When I sing to the stable alone,  
But there will be a day when I won't have to  
When I ring up Cordelia Malone:

J.H. STODDART,  
GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

played an act as a curtain raiser. On the failure of the main piece, a revival of "The Long Strike" was planned, but for some reason it was not carried into effect. After the original run of "The Long Strike," Mr. Stoddart became a member of the famous Union Square Company, and then of A. M. Palmer's stock company.